Legends of Vengeance
Chapter 3: THE GHOST RIDER

I've been The Ghost Rider now for 5 years now. 5 years of bursting into a flaming skeleton and beating the crap out of every guilty thug out there. It's a curse. But at this point there's no hope in stopping spirit of vengeance that's taken over me. It's like a drug. As much as I would much prefer to stop and live a normal life, I can't resist it. To be filled with so much flaming strength and speed. No matter how violent I get I know my hellfire is being bestowed on someone who deserves it. Deathwatch, Blackout, Zodiac… I might have burned them alive, but they were thieves, killers, and worse. They deserved it. That's what I tell myself. They deserved it. I've fought everything in my days of vigilantism. Everything from vampires to bank robbers. And today I'm going through the motions.

There's a demon in the sky. It's actually from Hell. It's from another dimension. A dimension full of fire and brimstone, might as well be Hell. I can't even remember when I started chasing it. It can't get far away from me when I'm on my Hellcycle. Nothings faster than a motorbike with flaming wheels. But that damn son of a bitch is just out of my reach. I've had to follow it out of the desert and into the city. I found myself on a high raised highway. And that's when that bugger flew down to the ground. It flew below the highway into the rough part of neighborhood. I jumped down myself in pursuit. On my left was a Diner, very rectangular shaped. On my right was some old houses. Probably abandoned. As The Ghost Rider I could sense the sinners in this part of town. I don't know what exactly, might be warring gang members. could be drug dealers, but I could sense the sinners in the area. But I can't focus on that.

Where was that damn demon. His red, horned head had to be around here somewhere. A creaky noise let out from one of the abandoned houses. The demon burst from inside one building. He zoomed at me like a hawk. The talons it uses for hands clenched my shoulders and shoved me into the wall of the diner behind me. This was also the day I learned what it was like to have my head forced through a brick wall. I pushed my out of the wall, that demon was trying to get away, I ran and grabbed it's tail. I swung the demon like an olympic hammer throw into the window of the diners. It gave out a screech when it smashed the glass. I hopped through the broken window.

I started summoning fireballs and throwing them at the winged red beast. This piece of crap is a fast little shit. Most of my fireballs just hit the walls of the diner. The only times I hit the demon were when he used his wings as reflective shields. My fireballs bounced off his wings and back in my direction. This demon is starting to become more annoying than dangerous.

The demon scampers into the kitchen of the diner. I of course followed. When I entered I was greeted by a kitchen knife passing by my face with great speed. The demon was throwing every kitchen appliance at me. Knives, forks, he even pick up a blender and smashed it at my feet. I picked up a big pot and slammed it on his head. This disorientated the creature. I punched its face, leaving a dent in the pot, and he fell to the floor. I got on top of him and started wailing. Right hand! Left hand! Right hand! Left hand! It's face had to be pummeled under the pot. But he kicked me off of him. The yellow eyed beast pulled the pot off his head and ran for the door. He wasn't going to get away this time. I swung my chain whip and lassoed the the neck off the demon just before it could leave the room. I reeled him back to my feet like a fish in a hook.

I grabbed the closest steak knife and stabbed right into the demon's chest. It let out a pained yell. I reached in a pulled out its heart. The demon then turned to ash. God what a pain in the ass this was. I started to walk out the door of the diner. Before I left I caught a glimpse of my reflection in the mirror. Empty black eyes, a skull whiter than clouds, and fire hotter than hell. What am i. Am i a monster, a hero. I don't care, whatever I am, I'm not human. I'm just addicted. I walked out the diner and whistled for my hellcycle. I drove off into dawn.